# SAVANNAH COURIER.

Devoted to the Interests of Hardin County and Her People.

VOLUME XV. SAVANNAH, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1899. NUMBER 24.


## Brown Bess

"I WISH I could sell Brown Bess," said Susy Ross, rinsing the dishes she had just washed.

"Oh, Susy!" cried her brother.

"What in the world do you want to sell Brown Bess for?" her mother asked, looking up from the dough she was kneading.

"I could go to the academy, mother, for two more terms," was the answer. "Then, perhaps I could—get the school at the Corners."

"Nonsense, Susy. I need you to help me," her mother said. "Keeping school is a thankless business."

"It's money," said Susy, "and I do long to help myself, and you, too. Money will do everything that needs to be done."

"Yes, that's a fact," spoke up Tom, "and there's lots wants to be done. I'd like to clear that five-acre lot for potatoes and corn, but I can't do it."

"And the house wants shingling," her mother said, plaintively, her care-worn countenance taking on another shadow.

"The front door's got a crack all the way across," Tom spoke up again, "and there ought to be a fireplace in granny's room. Then there's the barn; it's all we can do to keep the hay dry."

"I know all that," said Susy. "I know the house is getting to be a scarecrow, and the barn is worse, and that's why I want to be earning. As for the shingles, I should think you could put them on yourself, Tom; yes, and mend the roof."

"Where's the shingles?" Tom asked, in his matter-of-fact way. "Where's the nails? Where's the hammer? The old one is broken past mending. And where's the money to get them with, I should like to know?"

"Sure enough," said Susy, "unless I could earn it. That's why I want to sell Brown Bess."

"And if you do sell her you won't get much," Tom said. "She's so full of her tricks—the craziest colt I ever saw."

"I'm more and more afraid to have you ride her," her mother said. "But if you should sell her, there's the mortgage to be paid in October."

"If I sell her," said Susy, quietly, "it will be to finish my education."

"That's always your cry," her mother went on, in plaintive tones; "no matter what's needed; but I s'pose we must give in. Bad as the roof is, it shelters us. What would we do without a house over our heads?"

"I'd sell the cow, too," put in Tom.

"And then grandma would just about starve," the mother supplemented.

Susy turned away from the table, angry and grieved, but she said nothing, only ran upstairs to her own room.

After helping her mother about the house she donned her sunbonnet and ran into the barn. Tom was rubbing down Brown Bess, whose bright, glossy coat shone like satin.

"Much as I can do to take care of her," said Tom. "She wants a regular groom who would break her of her nasty little tricks. See how she throws her head up, and look at her eyes flashing fire. Are you going to the store? Mother wants sugar and molasses and vinegar—and I've got to go in the field."

"Yes, I'm going," said Susy, "though I dread it, the bill is so large. If I sell Brown Bess that's the first thing I'll pay."

"That and the mortgage," said Tom. "Well, I'll saddle old Dick."

Susy mounted to the back of the slow old cart horse with gloomy forebodings. It was a warm September day. Even in the midst of her anxiety the beauty of the ride to Hillston soothed and delighted her. Every detail of the way was familiar to her, yet when she came to Silver Ledge falls and saw the white spray leaping over granite rocks and dancing among tiny islands she stopped old Dick and sat enjoying the scene as if she had never beheld it before.

"Good morning," a voice said behind her.

"Oh, Charlie!" she exclaimed, with a start, "I didn't hear you coming."

"No? The falls are so loud. I saw you at the bend and followed. Going to town?"

"Yes, Charlie," she made reply, and in spite of herself her voice held a curious tremor.

"You're worried over something," he said, the keen lover's eyes noting the shadows.

"Yes, Charlie, a little—the same old trouble. I want to set things to rights—and—it's hard work," she said, in a low voice.

"I knew it. Why won't you leave all these matters and come with me? The house is waiting for you—and so am I. Susy, darling, make up your mind."

He held out his hand, a look of unutterable love making his rugged face beautiful.

"If father had only lived," she said. "But you know it is impossible now, Charlie. I can't leave mother—not yet—and I must finish the course at the B—— academy, and keep school at least a year before I get things straightened out."

He gave a long, low whistle, then urged on his horse, but stopped again till Susy came up with him.

"You know I'll wait for you, Susy, as long as you say, but it's rather hard on me, as I'm forehanded and ready to marry. Susy, come, make up your mind. My house is a large one. I'll take your mother and granny. Tom can run the old farm, and—"

"What! Let you support me and the family, too? Never!" and her eyes flashed. "I would never permit it."

"Well, Susy, I've declared my willingness to help you, if only you would let me," said Charlie, "but, since you won't, don't look so sad and worried, my darling. It's worth serving and saving for seven years if I can only win you at last for my wife."

"Oh, Charlie!" she said, brokenly, "your love is priceless. Only be patient."

"I'll try, and keep on hoping," he said, and they parted at the store.

The grocer met her with a smile. Everybody liked Susy. No girl more genial than she under ordinary circumstances, but to-day her face was clouded, her manner preoccupied.

"Mr. Lee, I have made up my mind to sell Brown Bess," she said, after getting the things she needed. "Do you know anybody that wants a horse?"

"Dear me! Going to sell Brown Bess! Well, I was thinking of buying a young horse for my Alice. Is she safe for a girl of ten, do you think?" the grocer asked.

Susy grew pale. She had not anticipated a question of that sore, but she answered, after a moment's indecision:

"She is fond of taking her own head sometimes. No, Mr. Lee, if I find it hard to manage her, she would never do for your little girl."

"Ah, I'm sorry for that, Miss Susy," said the storekeeper. "But I know a man who wants a spirited horse. What would you sell her for?"

"I leave that to the purchaser," Susy made answer. "Papa paid $75 for her more than a year ago, and I wouldn't want to take less than that, for I need the money very much," she went on, "and if you will be so kind as to take an interest in the matter—" She stopped, her eyes wistful.

"Why, of course I will," the grocer responded. "I'll send my boy to your house with the groceries, and he can bring the horse back with him. If anything is done in the way of a sale I'll let you know at once."

Susy thanked him and went on her way home. As she came in sight of the house, an old-fashioned, two-story building, where dilapidation was rendered picturesque by a profuse growth of ivy that covered the front porch and much of the exterior walls, she felt more comfortable as she thought over her prospects. In imagination she had her mother quite reconciled to all her plans, her school life assured and all things going on swimmingly. For who knew but Brown Bess might bring her $100, she was so spirited and handsome?

Work and home seemed brighter. The grocer's boy came for the horse, and though it was hard parting with the pretty creature, Susy, in expectation of results, bore the separation bravely.

"Can't we take a little of the money you get to shingle the roof?" her mother asked as the horse was led away.

"I hope so," Susy replied blithely.

"And you still think of going to school? Ain't you too old?"

"I'm not 18 yet," was Susy's answer. "Many girls go to school till they are 20."

"And there's clothes, to think of, dresses and bonnets and shoes."

"Oh, they'll be provided," Susy said, with a little laugh.

"An' winter's comin'—an' it's two or three miles to the 'cademy," her mother went on, each time throwing a more plaintive cadence into her voice. "Tom's clothes are terribly patched, an' mother needs flannels. I ain't so young as I was once, but I ain't sayin' anything about myself, on'y it's kind o' hard to spare you," and the lines in her mother's weak face deepened.

"Mother, I wish you could see it as I do. I must go to the academy," Susy made reply. "It's the opportunity of my life. But I tell you what I will do. If I get $100 for Brown Bess I'll divide even. Fifty dollars would go a long way, wouldn't it?"

"Well, yes, $50 would get everything we need," was the reply. "But you're never goin' to get $100. You'll be more than lucky if you get $50."

"Well, mother," said Susy, desperately, "if I only get $50, I'll divide even. It will be $30 coming in every month if I only get the school."

"I don't see's there's any chance of that," said her mother, with a woe-begone face.

Day after day Susy waited, but no word came about Brown Bess. Tom declared that he believed there was no prospect of selling her, but one day Charlie Grant drove up to the house, his face fairly beaming.

"I thought I'd bring you the news," he said, as he came in the bright living-room.

"Have they sold Brown Bess?" Susy asked, her voice trembling in her excitement to hear.

"Well, yes—that is, if you'll take the price they offer," Charlie made answer.

"Oh, I hope it's a hundred," said Susy.

"A hundred!" laughed Charlie. "Is that what you value her at? Lucky for you that I was in at the bargain. That horse will be worth thousands of dollars before long. The man who bought her trains horses for the race course. He has discovered remarkable qualities in Brown Bess as a trotter, and is willing to give you $1,000 for her."

A thousand dollars! Susy stood for a moment like a statue; then she flew into the kitchen, where her mother was making the daily batch of bread, exclaiming:

"A thousand dollars, mother! we're rich! Brown Bess is sold for a thousand dollars! You won't have to work hard this winter. Tom can get two suits of clothes if he wants them, and buy the five-acre lot. Grandma can have all the fire she needs; the roof shall be shingled, the mortgage paid off and—and—"

"What am I to have?" Charlie asked, as she stopped, out of breath, he having followed her into the kitchen.

She turned round, and, blushing beautifully, held out her hands. He clasped them both and drew her to his bosom.

"What do you think of this, mother?" he asked of the glad-hearted woman at the bread pan. "Susy is to be my wife."

"Why, I think it's a good deal better than keeping school," she said.—Waverly.

## FARMER AND PLANTER.

### RENOVATION OF THE SOIL.

**The Cow Pea the Cheapest Source of Nitrogen Available by the Southern Planter.**

For many years the cow pea has been used in the south to renovate the soil by our best farmers. Of course the story to them is old, but there are so many new farmers coming on each year, and so many who have to have "line upon line and precept upon precept," that it seems necessary to tell often of the benefits to be derived from the cow pea.

Our northern farmers are waking up to the advantage to be gained by planting this valuable crop though the seed have to be imported from the south each year. The pea crop is valuable to the farmer in three ways.

1. It is one of the best of feeds either cut as hay, or allowed to mature and the seeds used for feed. It is very rich in nitrogen and in fact is rich in all the nutrients. Cut just at the proper time and nicely cured, it makes a perfect food.

I have seen mules doing hard plowing kept in splendid condition fed on nothing but pea vine hay.

The peas ground up into meal make a most excellent food for milch cows when fed in connection with other food not so concentrated.

To be convinced that it is one of our best feeds, one needs but to try it.

2. The mechanical effect of a pea crop on the soil is very valuable. No crop loosens up the soil and makes it so porous and light as the pea crop sowed broadcast. There is a dense mat of roots that fill the soil, and when they rot they leave the soil a perfect network of little channels or canals.

These allow the water to soak in the soil freely and serve to drain the soil by causing the water to sink down and pass out through the subsoil, which of course is the ideal condition for many reasons.

It not only aids in drainage but in working the soil the next season. Every one knows who has worked a crop after peas that the soil is in the best possible condition.

3. The chemical effect on the soil for the succeeding crops is unsurpassed.

Whether to cut the crop, or turn it under is a question that will have to be decided by each individual farmer; and he will of course be governed by the richness of the soil, what crop he wishes to follow the peas, and by the value of hay in his section, and amount of stock on hand.

To illustrate, if the farmer has no stock and could get but little for the hay if cut and sold, then it would pay to turn the crop under, but if he has stock that could furnish a home market for his hay, then it would pay and pay well to cut and feed to them. If the land is very thin and quite a distance from the barn it might pay then to leave the pea crop on the land.

My advice, however, is to cut and feed if possible as we then get a double benefit.

If sown for hay they should be put in broadcast, if for seed then the best results are obtained from sowing thick in drills about three feet apart and cultivating. Sow two bushels per acre if broadcast, and one peck if in drills. As to the value of the pea crop from a chemical standpoint, or as food for the succeeding crop it can not be surpassed. That it is one of the best of nitrogen gatherers can be proven by looking on the roots of a good healthy vine. Hundreds of tubercles will be seen and upon examination by a microscope these will be found to be the habitation of hundreds of myriads of colonies of bacteria who possess the peculiar faculty of taking up free nitrogen and storing it up as plantfood. This of course is readily available for the next crop, matters not what that next crop may be.

The rest of the plant is very rich in the three elements usually contained in a fertilizer. Nitrogen, phosphorus, and potash.

It is so rich in nitrogen that on good loamy soil, that element is usually left out of the fertilizer that is applied to that soil next year, especially as it costs more per pound than the other two combined.

So where a pea crop has been turned under or even where a good pea stubble has been turned under, it will be economy to simply use a phosphorus and potash fertilizer.

This formula I would suggest about two parts of phosphorous to two parts of potash. Say 300 pounds of acid phosphate and 200 pounds kainit per acre.

This mixture used on our ordinary crops after a good pea crop will be found very beneficial. Put in plenty of phosphorous and potash and the previous pea crop will do the rest.

My favorite varieties are the Black or Stock pea, Unknown, Clay, Speckle, or Whippoorwill.

Try a crop one time and you will continue to grow the best of food and finest of land renovators.—B. Irby, in Farm and Ranch.

### MACHINERY ON THE FARM.

**The Substitution of Machine for Hand Labor on the Farm a Theme for Thought.**

Just how far we can substitute machinery in place of hand labor on the farm is a question of serious concern to farmers. The plow is a machine, so is the hoe, and every tool we use. We can not farm at all without the simple machines. This we all know to be true. The reaper is a better machine to do the same work the scything cradle has been doing. The mower is an improvement upon the grass-blade. This is true of all the list of higher priced machinery.

All machines do what is claimed for them. Many of them do. They use the horse or engine in the place of the human muscle.

In considering whether we shall use any particular machine, we must first satisfy ourselves that it will do the work it claims to do. Then we must consider the cost of doing this work as compared with the cost of doing the same by human labor or with a cheaper machine. Then we must settle the question of our skill in using it. Very many excellent machines require a higher degree of skill than the average farm hand has. Hence there is often disappointment and loss, the fault being in the laborer, and not in the implement.

After considering all these questions, we are still often puzzled to decide which to do—use human muscle and cheap tools or more machinery and less muscle.

This question is largely one of economy. Which can do the work cheaper? As a general proposition, machinery is cheaper. Particularly is this true where large crops of anyone kind are considered. Machines do not eat; they need no clothes or expensive houses. While not at work they do not cost anything. Human muscle and animal muscle require to be kept up by constant food and care. Improved machinery does more work, and generally better work, and often cheaper work.

We do not hesitate to use up-to-date gins and presses. The cotton-planter has almost entirely substituted hand-planting. The oil-mill has become a necessity. The traveling thresher and cleaner are everywhere recognized and welcomed. Little by little machinery asserts its claims. The question really is not shall we use machinery? but how much shall we use it?

This is the age of improved machinery. Inventive genius is active and constantly offering new implements.

The up-to-date farmer must use up-to-date tools. The extensive use of hay presses would revolutionize southern farming. The horse-rake and mower can hardly be done without.

Manufacturers, railroad men and every other branch of industry keep right up with every new improvement in their respective lines.

Farmers must do the same.

The successful use of improved implements requires a higher order of intelligence than the average farm laborer has.

So wherever we look w efind the farmer needs more education. He needs to know something of many things, and much of one thing. He needs special education about farming. The schools should give him the ground-work and the colleges the higher training. We need educated men on the farms all over the south. We should see that the coming genaration are better prepared than the present.

As those now running the farms can not go to school, the best they can do is to learn by reading and by co-operative organizations.

Farmers' institutes should be organized in every community.

By reading a southern farm journal of high order you can keep up with the rapid improvements in agricultural lines of all sorts. We say southern journal because you need a home paper. Much that is good in northern publications for that section is not at all suited to southern farms.

We should try to find out what will help us to make our farms pay better. Experience compared with experience is very helpful in this matter. Get together in the institutes and compare plans and discuss methods. Find out the best and pursue these.

In every community there are some successful men. Almost every man succeeds in some one thing. Talking over these things together will be a good schooling.

When the seasons are so different from the ordinary, we need to think and to study and to change our plans to suit the changed conditions. Where we have been plowing deep, we must now plow very shallow. Instead of the two-horse plow and subsoiler, we need now use the harrow. Light, swift cultivation will be in order this spring. Repeated harrowings will hasten the growth of the crops which have started so late and need to be pushed forward.—Southern Cultivator.

### HERE AND THERE.

—Give the cow plenty of time to drink. It takes her a long time to get at it sometimes.

—According to one investigator a cow's milk is about one-seventh richer at the close of a period of lactation than at the beginning.

—Sitting hens should be freed from all vermin before hatching, so that the chicks may be properly born and have a fair start in the race for life.

—Although it has been studied a great many years by our greatest scientists, it is not definitely known how milk is formed in the udder.

—The feeding of cottonseed meal tends to harden the fat in milk and consequently makes a harder butter than would be made if linseed meal were fed.

—A bird may score one hundred in the show pen, which is perfection, and be a practical failure in business, which means that form, feather, comb, carlobe and wattle may all be perfect, and yet the bird be a failure as a producer.

—There is more difference between individuals of the same breed than there is between different breeds of cows in the quality of milk they produce. Evening milk is usually richer than morning milk.

—Farmers can not be too careful as to seed they plant, not only as to variety and quality, but as to the freedom from infectious disease. Many of our most troublesome fungus diseases of plants may be, and often are, reproduced from infected seeds.

## RECALLS THE PAST.

### Dr. Talmage's Sermon Is Largely Reminiscent.

**Draws Helpful Lessons from the Experiences and Vicissitudes of Life—Memories of Home.**

Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch. Washington, May 7.

This sermon of Dr. Talmage calls the roll of many stirring memories and interprets the meaning of life's vicissitudes. The text is Psalms xxxix, 3: "While I was musing the fire burned."

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple and the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delightful solitude, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quiet before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work, but instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was ten years of age, and I was eight, and I was five. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the bay of Fundy, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories, and the groves were a-hum with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in midlife and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this, if it does not make you discontented with the present or disqualify you for existing duties. It is a useful thing sometimes to look back and to see the dangers we have escaped and to see the sorrows we have suffered and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with obliterations, and I now propose, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again. I want to bind in one sheaf all your past advantages, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life were an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when we hear his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in Heaven. Perhaps your early home was in a city. It may have been when Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, was residential, as now it is commercial, and Canal street, New York, was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that small house than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting-room, where the loved one sat by the plain lamp light, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table, your father with a firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by trouble, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clubbed it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn and take just one egg and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them pushing their heads through the bars. Ofttimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on the cool grass or the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there came the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forget-me-nots playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sunburned from the field and sit down on the doorsill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley, but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian father! Thank God for a Christian mother! Thank God for an early Christian altar at which you were taught to kneel! Thank God for an early Christian home!

I bring to mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You twain sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affairs in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advisement. You were so happy you felt you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it got darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them, a gem to flash in Heaven's coronet, and you to polish it. Eternal ages of light and darkness watching the starting out of a newly created creature. You rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your possession an immortal treasure was placed. You prayed and rejoiced and wept and wondered. You were earnest in your supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of your child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you in your solemn reminiscence, and let His mercy fall upon your soul, if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart!

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house or through your office or your shop or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said: "I'm not ready for it. Oh, God have mercy!" The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the breath of the hill and in the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God. You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried it through the aisle; you remember the old people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulating sympathy, as much as to say: "Welcome home, you lost prodigal," and, though those hands be all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day. It is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you. This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for Heaven. Start now as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them in one great sheaf, and I call them up in your memory with one loud harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of Heaven!

But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago. You are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life. But how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two—the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street and there has been music in the distance you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so, when you started life, your very life was a musical time beat. The air was full of joy and hilarity. With the bright clear oar you made the boat skip. You went on, and life grew brighter, until after awhile suddenly a voice from Heaven said: "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted, you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippered feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread. But after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer! You went to your room, and you said: "God, save my child! God, save my child!" The world seemed going out in darkness. You said: "I can't bear it; I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. If you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! If you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there came up a chill blast that swept through the bedroom, and instantly all the lights went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the bitter cup to put it to your lips God said: "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts His left arm under your head and with His right hand He pours into your lips the wine of His comfort and His consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said: "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight."

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulcher you heard the clanging of the opening gate of Heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing Heavenward. You have been spiritually better ever since that night when the little one for the last time put its arms around your neck and said: "Good night, papa; good night, mamma. Meet me in Heaven."

But I must come to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness. The child's tread on the stair or the tick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness of exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning, would God it were night, was your frequent cry. But you are better, or perhaps even well. Have you thanked God that to-day you can come out in the fresh air; that you are in your place to hear God's name and to sing God's praise and to implore God's help and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healeth all our diseases and redeemeth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congratulate some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put your hands on seems to turn to gold. But there are others of you who are like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless panic, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities you now have hard work to win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs and blood for your heart and light for your eye and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and without deliberation you say: "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you: "I have no mother." Or the father, with voice less tender, but with heart as loving, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his trembling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts—is taken away forever. Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wild wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Machpelah. As you were moving along your path in life, suddenly, right before you, was an open grave. People looked down, and they saw it was only a few feet deep and a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern, down which went all your hopes and all your expectations. But cheer up, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, He is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe and palm branch and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals! Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates!? Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear!

A fast man easily runs through his money —L. A. W. Bulletin.